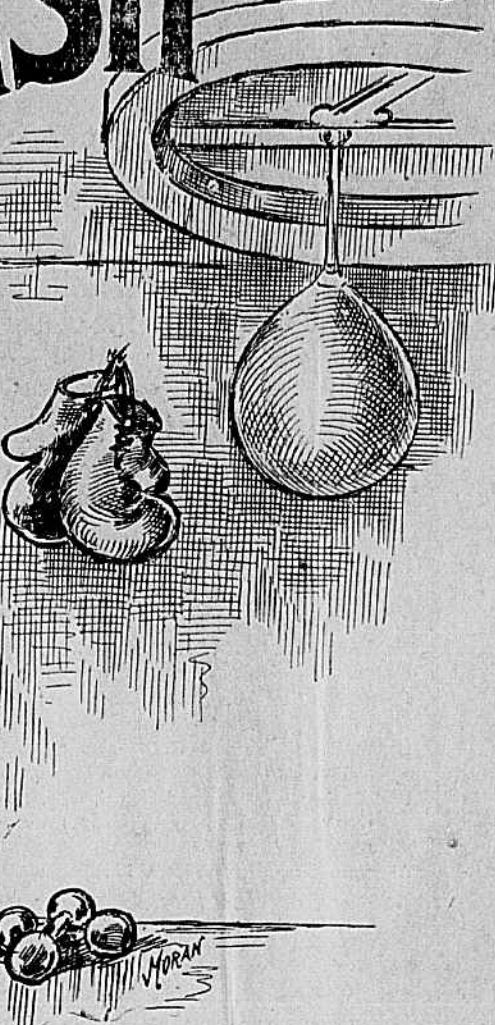


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NO CHANCE FOR JEFFRIES FROM TAP OF THE GONG

(Continued From Eleventh Page.)

be encouraged by his seconds. Johnson was jovial at all times. Round 14—Johnson lost no time in this round, and planted that ever-ready left in Jeff's face and Jeff hugged on. As he stepped away he caught another left on his face. In the clinch that followed, he tried to bring his right up on Johnson's jaw and landed lightly, but never bothered the big negro. Jeff tried a right swing, but Johnson anticipated it and led a left on Jeff's face. Jeff straightened, the crowd yelling. He tried a straight left for Johnson's face. He landed, but it made no impression, only to bring a laugh from Johnson, and in the next clinch he dared Jeff to hit him. Just to see how hard he could do it, Jeff started to use his great strength, and put all his weight in a body blow while he was clinching with Johnson. Johnson pushed him away and brought his left around on Jeff's jaw. Jeff tried two ineffectual lefts, but Johnson got

too close. Johnson kidded all his attempts. During the minute rest only water was being used in Johnson's corner, while in Jeff's they were bringing everything into play that they had.

Round 15—Johnson met Jeff in the center of the ring and sent a left to Jeff's eye and then they clinched. Johnson broke quickly and shot a left from his hip straight into Jeff's face. Jeff tottered and went down on the west side of the ring. He fell on both knees, and as the timekeeper and referee yelled at him the number of seconds he turned around and rested one foot on the floor looking the while toward the timekeeper. Johnson walked about the center, craftily eyeing his big opponent. Jeff waited for nine and then arose. Johnson stepped in and got on his feet and whined another left full on the face and Jeff went down again almost in the same place, but this time he crashed through the ropes. Several of his seconds and some newspaper men helped to get him back in the ring again, and Johnson coolly watched the proceedings from more than halfway across the ring. When Jeff landed inside again he was reeling, but not nearly as far gone as lots of fellows who have been down twice for the count. He staggered over to the east side and Johnson stepped into him as he came over and sent him reeling with a right on the ear. As he turned around ready to close down, Johnson's left again

found the already battered and beaten face.

As Jeff sank sideways to the floor the immense crowd was on its feet, some yelling and some cheering. Johnson calmly walked around his big, burly opponent toward his own corner. His seconds were already getting his chair ready to push through the ropes for him to sit on. Timekeeper Harting was yelling at the top of his voice the unnumbered seconds. About eight seconds from the time Jeff went down one of his handlers broke through into the ring. He was closely followed by two more. That was sufficient to end the fight according to the rules.

Billy Delaney, always Johnny on the spot for transgressions like these, broke through the ropes and made his way to Tex Rickard, loudly demanding the fight for his man. Tex, in the meanwhile, was trying to make himself heard to the effect that he had already decided Johnson the winner. Johnson was the winner, the fight was over, and Jeff was being dragged to his corner. Johnson, walked over ostentatiously to shake hands with his beaten foe, but the crowd in the ring was too much for him and he was dragged away by his seconds. Jeff stayed there for fully ten minutes after the final gong was heard, seconds fussing over him and trying to bring him to some kind of presentable shape. The round lasted, according to Timekeeper Harting, two minutes and twenty-five seconds.

UTTERLY CRUSHED JEFFRIES PASSES

(Continued From First Page.)

but admire him. Hundreds swallowed the bitter pill of heavy financial loss. Little enthusiasm was shown before the fight began until Jack Johnson and his crew were seen tramping down the aisle. Then the crowd stood up and cheered, as much from pent-up excitement as anything else. This was 2:25 o'clock, an hour after the scheduled time of the fight. Four minutes later, Jeffries looked out of the crowd on the other side of the arena, and then the cheering broke loose again.

The ring was crowded with trainers and rubbers and seconds. Jeffries laughed as he pressed through the ropes and jumped up and down on the platform for a moment, satisfying himself that it was strong enough. He wore his old soft cap and an old suit of clothes and chewed gum. Johnson wore a bath robe with violet lining.

Berger walked up to Johnson and asked him to toss for corners. "Take any corner you want," said Johnson. "It's all the same to me."

Berger took the southwest corner and gave Johnson the northeast. This placed the sun in Johnson's eyes. Veteran Delaney adds to interest. Behind the fighters as the bandages were fastened stood pupil and master, Corbett and Billy Delaney. The veteran Delaney made the match of keen interest to the sporting men. He was in Johnson's corner as an open enemy of Jeffries. Jeffries was picked up at Carson City when Corbett had fought Fitzsimmons, and he made him a great fighter. At that time Delaney was Corbett's trainer and manager, and later acted for years in the same capacity for Jeffries. A quarrel made this situation possible.

With no preliminaries of handshaking or picture posing, the men faced each other. Johnson, who was wearing blue trunks and the American flag as his belt, Jeffries, in his purple trunks, stood out as a hairy giant.

There was no open attempt on the part of Jeffries and his men to frighten the negro. They stood with their feet trembling with fear at the sight of the white monster, and there were many cries of "Cold feet, Johnson!" as his entrance in the ring was delayed.

And when the men stood up at last to fight it out it was plain that the negro was very nervous.

"Now you'll get it, you black coward," yelled Jeffries' admirers.

"Don't talk to them, give them a fair show," said the majority at the ringside.

The men smiled at each other. Jeffries flinched, Johnson glided away; the men smiled again. Johnson tried out a straight left and tapped Jeffries' face, trembling with fear, and worked cautiously for body blows, but there was little snap in either and they were still waiting when the round ended.

"Cut out the motion pictures," yelled the crowd. Johnson turned and tapped Jeffries lightly on the shoulder as he went to his corner, and smiled.

Negro Is No Longer Nervous.

At the opening of the second round Jeffries came with his old crouch, and his left arm stuck out like a scapling. But there was a change in

the negro. He had found himself. Here was a simple boxer, and in his heart Jack Johnson believed he was master.

The slight indecision and trembling of Johnson's mouth and the glint of trouble in his eyes was gone. He forced the fighting, and in a clinch made his first attempt at his carefully developed right upper cut. Jeffries took it without flinching. The men wrestled, and Johnson showed that he was as strong as Jeffries.

"All right, Jim, I'll love you if you want me to," said Johnson as they clinched just after the gong rang.

In the second, third and fourth rounds Jeffries had his chance. If he ever had one. The fight showed that he could not stay long.

Jeffries passed by his chance and kept walking in and missing body blows and taking face punishment. Up to this point, however, the fight was little more than a wrestling bout. The men refused to break in clinches, and at times half a minute passed without a blow.

Jeffries assumed his crouch and started for Johnson as if he would mow him down with one blow. But the black was not there. His shadow fell across the spot where Jeffries' blow was aimed. They came together, and Johnson missed for the fourth time, a damaging right upper cut. Here he began to try out his new blow, a left upper cut, testing it for the first time.

"Hell kill you, Jack," yelled a sportsman, who had bet \$10,000 on Jeffries.

Only Round in Jeffries' Favor.

"That's what they all say," retorted Johnson, and for answer he shot a snappy left to Jeffries' face, and they came to a clinch. In this round Jeffries landed a body blow that came near hurting Johnson. It was the only round in which Jeffries had an advantage, and at the opening of the fifth round Johnson came up as good as new. The pace up to and through this round was slow. Neither man was badly hurt.

"That left was a joke; you big stiff! I always knew you were a faker!" shouted Corbett as Johnson stung Jeffries in the face. Jeffries brought cheers at this point by a left to the head, but a clinch and the gong saved further damage.

The tide of battle from this time flowed into the Johnson corner, and Delaney was hopping in glee.

"Go in and finish him," was the advice which he whispered to Johnson. "It's all over for you, Jim," said Johnson as he came at Jeffries laughing and chewed his gum. In this round Jeffries' eye was closed and he started in to take a severe blow which he and his backers depended on. Jeffries missed a right and took a left and a right to the head. His nose was bleeding when the round struck. The fighting in the seventh was somewhat faster, but at no time did Jeffries live up to expectations. His eye was swollen and he rubbed it as he leaned on the glistening black shoulder in the clinches. As they pushed each other around, Johnson sent in lefts to the face at close range. Jeffries drew a lead and put in a left to the face that covered Johnson's teeth with blood, but Jack laughed and in a mix-up sent in two lefts to the face, and Jeffries' mouth was streaked with blood.

Jeffries got a left in the face at the opening of the eighth, Johnson's blows became quick and harder during this round, but Jeffries was not badly hurt only tiring faster than the spectators realized. He flared forward, his eye

fixed on a vital spot on Johnson's body, trying again and again to reach it. Johnson tried to put his uppercut through, but Jeffries still possessed the quickness to snap his head out of danger.

Johnson waited for a lead and then put a hard left to the body, but Jeffries brushed away the head blows as he would brush away flies, and trying all ways for that terrible body punch Jeffries also tried to wear down Jack by his weight in the clinches. But Johnson did about an equal amount of shoving, and succeeded in getting in his new left cut to the face several times.

The eleventh, which marked the final bobbing for Jeffries, opened carefully. Johnson let loose, and kept his man's head bobbing constantly. In a clinch Johnson landed three uppercuts, and Jeffries began to show distress. He was slaving down. A hard right to the nose sent the blood spattering.

Whacks Away at Body.

Johnson waited, then drew back and hooked Jeffries hard in the face. Jeffries looked tired, but whacked away at the body, drawing forth only a pretty exhibition of boxing on the part of the black man. Jeffries spat out a great quantity of blood as he walked to his corner, and Johnson fairly beamed confidence.

The thirteenth round showed rapid dissolution on Jeffries' part. Following Corbett's advice, he stuck to the clinch until he was forced away. Then he received two lefts and a right uppercut to the face. After that Johnson played with him. Holding Jeffries with his right on the shoulder, Johnson fairly rained left blows to the face, and Jeffries wilted. He continued to come on, however, with his eye almost closed and his legs sinking.

In the fourteenth Jeffries walked into a left and then failed to get his own left home. The wonderful work of the negro was never in better evidence than here. He was simply unhittable. "How you like 'em, Jim?" he asked of the silent Jeffries. To the end of the round he continued to give more of them.

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